

## Topeka State Journal

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By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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Rather severe wintry weather, with heavy snows, has already begun to put in an appearance in the Astro-Italian arena of the war, and the evidence appears to be accumulating daily to the effect that there is small likelihood that what is left of the flower of Europe's manhood will be out of the trenches by the coming Christmas. Indeed, it is coming to be accepted for a fact in all quarters that the war is destined to run through another winter, at least.

This heckling of candidates for office during their campaign addresses is a little new in this country. At least, this is the first presidential campaign where it has been carried on to any extent in respect to asking pertinent or impertinent questions of the presidential candidates. But it is an established institution in the political campaigns in the European countries, and particularly in the British Isles. Over there it is considered to be the prerogative of the crowd, or individuals in it, to ask such questions as they please during the public addresses of the candidates for office who are soliciting their support. And there doesn't appear to be any good and sufficient reasons for criticizing the custom as provided it is carried on in a fair and decent manner and that the questions asked of the candidates have some bearing on the issues of the campaign.

With the Greek citizenry mobbing the military forces that the Allies sent to Athens, it is beginning to look as if Greece, or a portion of her people, at least, will have to be beaten into submission by the Allies before the Greek war can be won. And with Teutonic-Bulgarian contingents in forcible possession of one or more of her important ports on the Aegean, Greece would assuredly appear to be between the devil and the deep sea. And most of Greece's present sorry troubles have been due to the activities and ambitions of her politicians.

There doesn't seem to be any room for argument about the justice and contentions in the proposals of the interstate railroads for the centralization of their regulation in the federal government and the removal from the states of many of the supervisory powers they now exercise over them. No man can serve two masters to the best interests of either or to his own best advantage, let alone serving a dozen or more, which is now the case with some of the larger railway systems.

This must be sorry news for the Juncos in this line of the foe and home of the big talkers. The Rev. H. St. George Tucker, the bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church who is stationed at Kyoto, Japan, told the delegates to the triennial convention of this church, now in session at St. Louis, that the Japanese people feel that the best interests of their country depend upon the preservation of friendly relations with the United States.

Whenever a mob gets to going under full steam ahead in a town, the latter's authorities are usually most prompt in closing the saloons. And all of which would appear to be a pretty forceful argument for keeping saloons closed all the time.

### ORIGIN OF TERM "ELECTRICITY."

"Millions of people of today who are living in an electrical age undoubtedly do not know where the term 'electricity' originated, and how people came to use the word universally to signify that power which performs all the myriad wonders that we see daily around us," says The Electrical Experimenter magazine. "From Elektron, the Greek name for amber, is derived the word 'electricity,' which is now extended to signify not only its power of attracting light bodies when it is agitated by rubbing with silk, fur, etc., but other powers connected with it. In whatever bodies they may be communicated. The attractive nature

of electrified amber is occasionally mentioned by Pliny and other later naturalists; particularly by Cassiodorus. Euclid, Diodorus and Sir Thomas Brown. Very exhaustive experiments have been carried out by William Gilbert, a native of Colchester, and a physician at London, who, in his excellent Latin treatise, 'De Magnete,' published in the year 1600, relates a great variety of electrical experiments which were allied in nature to the properties possessed by amber. He has disclosed several of the substances which had these peculiar properties of attracting light bodies when agitated by a material. Amber was used by the ancient world as a jewel for decoration. Its color and luster reminded the fanciful Greeks of the virgin gold which glistened in the hands of Paeonias; even as the brilliant metal itself had recalled to them the yellow sunshine. Afterwards they applied the same name to the compounds of metals which when burnished, have a golden glow. They were all children of the sun 'Elektron'—reflecting in miniature its radiance. Thus in common with native gold and the silver-gold alloys, the amber, in Hellenic speech, came to be called 'Elektron.'"

### THE IMMUNE LYNCHERS.

Of course, it is a good deal like the pot calling the kettle black for Kansas to cast any strictures these days on other states where lynching continues to be one of the favorite outdoor sports.

But the two lynchings at Paducah, Ky., the other day certainly serve to emphasize the fact that it is about time something was done in this country to suppress the apparent growing tendency of mobs to take the law into their own hands.

One is almost tempted to suggest that this has become a righteous field for national activities where a state practically makes no effort to mete out the punishment to lynchers that is their due.

And, unfortunately for the good name of the state, Kansas must now plead guilty to such a charge.

The failure of the local and state authorities to probe seriously to the bottom of the recent lynching bee at Olathe is just as disgraceful as was this lynching itself.

### TUBERCULOUS OR TUBERCULAR.

Some interesting and instructive distinctions between the much abused words "tubercular," "tuberculous" and "tuberculosis" when used as adjectives are pointed out in a bulletin that has just been issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

Of the various words used to designate some phase or other of the tuberculosis movement, the word "tubercular" is most frequently misapplied, states the bulletin. The term, "tubercular" may be used correctly only to describe conditions resembling tuberculosis, but not necessarily caused by the tubercle bacillus, the germ of tuberculosis.

Thus, if one says a certain individual is tubercular, he really indicates that the person has a disease process manifesting itself by tubercles or little lumps, but it is not necessarily tuberculosis. To say that the person has tuberculosis, the adjective "tuberculous" is the correct word. It refers directly to diseased conditions caused by the tubercle bacillus. Thus, when an institution for tuberculosis recently labeled itself as a "tubercular sanatorium," it not only indicated that the sanatorium was sick, but that it was sick with something resembling tuberculosis. The adjective "tubercular" should be used very infrequently.

### PROSPERITY AND STRIKES.

One often speaks of strikes and other labor controversies as the natural accompaniment of prosperity and as an evil which has to be put up with in times of plenty, says The Annalist. In a measure that is true, but in much that is said and written on this score right is lost of the fact that it is by means of strikes and other controversies that labor gains its share of prosperity, which thereby is more widely distributed and made more real, for, after all, prosperity is real and great in proportion to its dissemination among the people. Great wealth gained for a few while others moved not at all in the scale of material well being would not be prosperity in any true sense.

We have, then, to look upon labor disturbances, which, in many cases, lead to increased wages, or, in other words, to the dissemination of prosperity, as the means by which a desirable purpose is accomplished. It is well enough to argue that better means than that should be found. That is easy to grant but what better means are at hand? Arbitration is a better means where it is available, and there is little support for labor which rejects arbitration when that can be had. Labor no more than capital should get any advantage which is not to be had under a rule of reason, but where strikes are the only tool available labor cannot be blamed for using it, nor are resultant increases in wages to be looked upon as barriers in the way of prosperity. As a matter

of fact, in many instances they are an aid to the continuance of prosperity. With that granted it does remain true that better means than strikes should be found to gain for labor what it is entitled to. When labor strikes for a wage to which it is not entitled it is then standing in the way of progress which must be made in consonance with the interests of all elements in the community. One cannot have more than its share without all suffering in the end. When labor strikes for a wage to which it is entitled it is forced to something to which it ought not to be forced under any enlightened system of employment. Here is where employers can contribute their share to the elimination of trade disputes. If employers were a little less loath to share an increase in profits with their employees labor might be less inclined to strike. If better means are to be found for the dissemination of prosperity thru wage increases they can be found only with the aid of employer and employee. Co-operation is the best possible substitute for strife.

## JOURNAL ENTRIES

More of the past that is so dead should be buried.  
It is always the fellow who is so conspicuous for his inconsistencies.  
Almost everybody is seeking much more forgiveness than he is willing to extend.  
Why not reverse the usual order and pass around some of the good things you hear about others?  
There is never very much in life for the fellow who won't take the trouble to look for any of it.

## JAYHAWKER JOTS

If you must believe half you hear, the Lansing News urges that you be sure to believe the half that is true. According to the Marquette Tribune, the cost of living is rapidly overtaking the cost of dying and being buried. The Sedgewick Panograph advises that the people should really take more pains to conceal what they know.

The Square Deal, which is issued by the inmates of the state's penitentiary at Lansing, has figured it out that the Greek use of intellect is knowing when not to talk.

Philip Flipflop is quoted by the Lansing News as observing: "Sin and punishment may not travel together, but punishment is always on the same road and comes in strong at the finish."

One of the politicians in the federal penitentiary at Leavenworth is quoted by the New Era as saying: "The campaign is on and so are the voters, but I am in, so can't I rustle floaters?"  
Looking over a note, in the Toronto Republican, J. N. Pankey, our popular liverrman, will soon have a public sale at which he will dispose of his harness, huggies and other useful and ornamental articles, such as usually pertain to a first class liverrman. But he will not quit the liverr business. He will admit it in another Ford or two, or cars equally as good, and do a strictly motor business. He has the old Ford broken to all the roads around Toronto. It can wallow thru mudholes, across creeks and rivers and go up all hills in high. He will fetch and carry the old and the young, the rich and poor, the high and the low. Every one and politician, with equal willingness, provided they have the price. But if you insist on riding in a buggy that has frequently escaped shipwreck, Mr. Pettigrew's car, you will have to walk to the next town for that accommodation.

## GLOBE SIGHTS

[From the Atchison Globe.]  
There is considerable hope for the fool who admits to the buying of my ticket) to start on a vacation on a certain date.

Just two days before the day set I found I must postpone that vacation and go back to the routine of daily life. And never was anything so hard.

A fat woman is usually willing to put up with anything she gets good and hungry.

As a timekeeper, the average grandfather's clock makes a fine hall decoration.

Don't abuse your enemies too much, or you may cause others to sympathize with them.

If there are children in the home, it isn't very long before the furniture begins to look antique.

Nearly any man would be willing to serve his country if the country would pay satisfactorily for such services.

The man who expects to get at something by next winter, or next spring, or next summer, or next fall never gets anywhere.

This is supposed to be a government of the people, but a working knowledge of the people leads to the belief that it may be just as well that it isn't.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]  
Poker keeps more men awake nights than brain fat.

And kissing is responsible for a good deal of heart trouble.

Patriotism doesn't always depend on the size of your country.

A man can take a day off occasionally, but his rent goes on just the same.

Taxpayers do not have to settle for the pavements made of good intentions.

Silence is golden when a girl pursues her lips for the benefit of a young man.

After fortune knocks at a man's door he may be able to prove an alibi—but what's the use?

## ON SPUR OF THE MOMENT

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Now's the Time.  
Here, you discontented knocker, growling 'bout the country's ills, chorusing your dismal tunes, take a course of liver pills. Stop your durn eternal howling! Every ache with your tonic! Don't sit in the dumps a-growlin', smile a few an' boost a bit.

Uncle Abner.  
Elmer Jones doesn't care what anybody says about him. He has bought a pair of green shoes.

There ain't no wax figure in a store window that looks as good as the genuine article.

Any fellow who kin turn down a book agent in less than ten minutes is going to succeed in anything he undertakes.

The trouser skirt with pockets is the latest thing for women. I always knew they would wear 'em, sooner or later.

A carpenter is known by his chips, and so, by ginger, is a poker player.

I see by the papers a feller kissed a girl in Kalamazoo right under her chaperone's nose. Most fellers would rather kiss a girl right under her own nose.

Hank Purdy has got a foldin' bed that folds up into a swell dinin' room table, which is just what Hank needs, for all he does is to eat and sleep.

Very few of them niggerettes nits are what they are cracked up to be.

Miss Pansy Tibbitts, who has taken up china painting, has got the artistic temperament so bad that she only does her hair up once a week and is learning to smoke cigars.

Some women have a great head for business. The last time Miss Perkins, our poetess of passion, was down to the city she saved 8 cents on four yards of dress goods at a bargain sale and ruined a \$25 gown and a hat doin' it.

Some men join all lodges in sight, while others work for one lodge.

There are very few women in these parts who will admit that they saw the Midway Plaisance at the world's fair in Chicago. They can't remember back so far.

A good many kids are spoiled by being allowed to drive automobiles at the age when they should be drivin' cows.

No wonder they have an Englishman for the king of Greece. All the rich Greeks use the country—run shoe shining parlors.

A whole lot of good bartenders was spoiled to make poor vaudeville performers.

Mr. Pettigrew's Snake.  
Mr. Elias Pettigrew, the eminent faunal naturalist and snakeologist, has a pet snake which he keeps in the neighborhood. The snake is up to all sorts of cute little tricks and is footed in everything.

Longer no doubt, Mr. Pettigrew would say so. Some time ago a culprit entered the otherwise peaceful farmyard of Mr. Pettigrew and stole the cover of darkness and stole the top of the dinner bell which hangs at the top of the long pole near the kitchen door. This was very embarrassing inasmuch as Mrs. Pettigrew was longer able to ring the dinner bell and call her hungry spouse from the work.

Looking over the snake, the cover snake noticed the lady's embarrassment and climbing the pole he took the bell handle in his mouth and allowed his body to hang until it almost touched the ground.

Grasped the pet snake by the tail and was thus able to ring the dinner bell. Every one and politician, with equal willingness, provided they have the price. But if you insist on riding in a buggy that has frequently escaped shipwreck, Mr. Pettigrew's car, you will have to walk to the next town for that accommodation.

As the Mind Is Set.  
This fellow had every arrangement made (even to the buying of my ticket) to start on a vacation on a certain date.

Just two days before the day set I found I must postpone that vacation and go back to the routine of daily life. And never was anything so hard.

I had been doing double work to get ready for the vacation. Now I was only doing single work. And yet it seemed harder.

Why? Because I had set my mind vacationward, and it's the way your mind is set which makes things hard or easy.

I have a neighbor who has a great dread of company. Unfortunately her husband's policy is to let her alone for her to do more or less entertaining. She will come into my house on a beautiful morning looking so lustrous that she casts a shadow over the sunshine.

What's the matter? I say.  
"Oh, so-and-so are coming to spend the week end."

"Don't you like them?"  
"Yes, but I'm so afraid everything won't be just right, and then it's so confusing to have the house full of people all the time."

Now, if she were naturally unsocial, or inferior in education, or if she didn't have proper facilities for entertaining, or couldn't afford to entertain, that would be one thing. But none of these obstacles exist, and from what I have seen of her when she forgets herself, I think she has simply let her husband's mind to get set against company.

She dwells on the fear that everything won't be just right, and she lets herself feel abused because her husband's position forces entertaining upon her. She steadfastly holds the picture of a very quiet life as her ideal.

It's as hard to see enjoyment when your mind is set against it as it would be to admire something beautiful when you had to twist round a stiff neck to see it.

A woman who had her mind dead set against living in the house with a member of her husband's family, she said, "I'm miserable over it until somehow she came to her senses. I'm letting this spoil my life," she said. "I won't think about any more."

"No, I don't like her," she said when I asked her how it worked. "I don't like her mind."

That's a sample of what one can accomplish by setting one's mind the right way. Copyright by George Matthews Adams.

What CARETH NATURE?  
What CARETH Nature that the fields are red.  
With blood of those who were her last and best—  
Her masterpieces, that had put to test Eternal prowess? Over these, the dead, Whose millions bodies upon earth are spread,  
Deth not the sun still in its grandeur shine,  
The moon smile on, and all the vaulted blue  
Its joyous host of spangling stars enshrine?  
Careless if strife its deeds of death renew,  
Again earth's mimic bath the seasons lead  
To Spring's enchantments! Lord and sea Bespeak no agony of human fate.  
Men live and die, the nations come and go—  
What CARETH Nature for man's love or hate?  
—Lurana Sheldon in New York Times.

More Than a Home.  
By Keith Kenyon.  
Perry's usual Friday evening call on Miss Lamont had endured for five minutes. "You do not look like your self tonight," he pronounced meditatively.

A faint flush warmed her cheeks. Her emotions were always thus as through a sweet transparency.

"It is your hair," he said again. "You haven't a crimp or curl. And that dark gown, plain around the neck, you look five years older. I don't like it either."

She spoke her answer firmly, altho her redness deepened. "I think Mr. Halden likes it," she said.

"Halden?" he echoed. "Lord it is for Halden? It disturbs him to see you look so young—is that it? He recalls the days when he was your age—fifty years ago, say—"

"The look in her eyes stopped him. They always chafed, but there was something different in this something sharper. "I will not quarrel with you," she said, "for we are too old friends." That was true. They were the best of friends. He had lent his influence to secure her the business position which she held with a credit born of efficiency, and she had in return shown him many careful, womanly little favors.

"What is it about Halden, then, Julia?" he asked. "What's up?"

"I think," she answered, "I ought to dress to please Mr. Halden if I can. He would not like—his wife to look so much younger than himself."

"He has asked me to marry him, and I have made up my mind that I will."

"Do you care for him?" They had scoffed humorously at love; they had even proved to their own satisfaction that there was in reality no such thing as love.

## EVENING STORY

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"Do you care for him?" They had scoffed humorously at love; they had even proved to their own satisfaction that there was in reality no such thing as love.

"I respect him." "You respect the memory of George Washington, I hope. Heavens! Is that all you have to say, Julia?"

"No," she answered him. "It is not. I am not afraid to tell you, my friend—no, nor ashamed. I am going to marry Mr. Halden. I—I want a home. I don't want this always."

The room was agreeable, but it was conspicuously a boarding-house parlor.

He murmured, with frowning brows: "No. Well?"

"Mrs. Denton—you met her, you know—has sent for me to come to Boston and take a position. Her husband has waiting for me. It is a better one, and I should have gone, but—"

"Mr. Halden," she hesitated, "had spoken of me to you."

"You mentioned that," he remarked tartly.

"I could go to Boston," she said, "or to London, or to Paris, but that would not help me. I should be no nearer a home. I am tired; that is it. I want somebody that I shall have the right to depend on and trust. What it would be to have somebody always to be checking my trunk and make bargains with hackmen and—and always to pay my street car fare—what I have been doing."

He felt baffled. He suffered from an unreasonable but burning spleen. "But," he cried with energy, "Halden is not a victim, my dear. He is a man of all men Halden."

"Because he wants to be the victim," she returned.

"Probably he thinks he does. Most men have some kind of mental aberration, and this is Halden's. Julia, you would never take advantage of it? Julia, you couldn't?"

He got back his hand from her forehead and looked at her. "Halden is a victim, my dear. He is a man of all men Halden."

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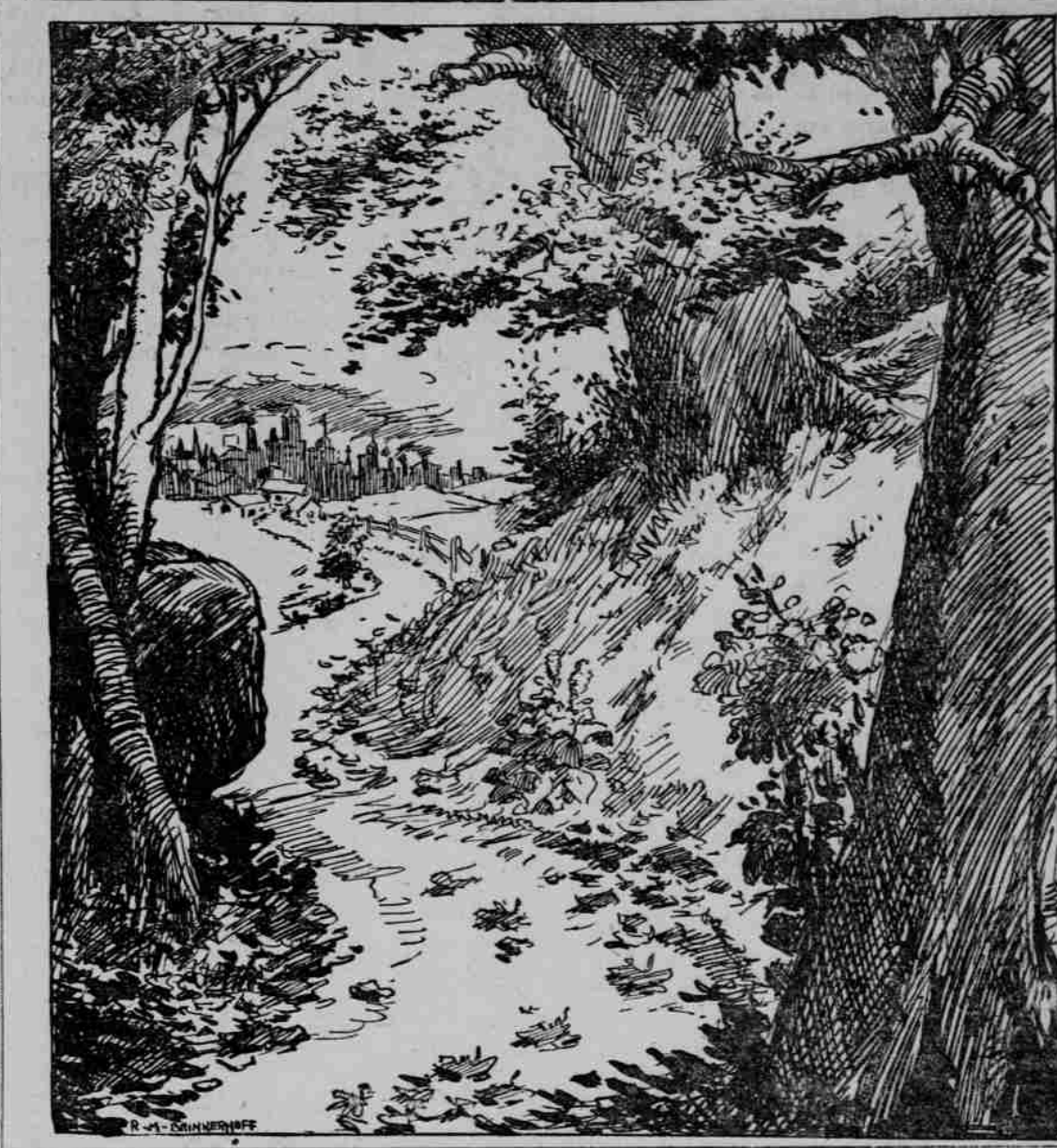
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## THE LURE OF OCTOBER

By BRINKERHOFF.



sprang to his feet. She was going that afternoon. "She'll take the boat," he hazarded. "It was already past 5. He seized his hat and called a taxi cab. He hurried to West Warren street swiftly. She was there.

"I told you good-bye in my note," she remarked.

He saw with joy that her hair was wavy. "I have not come to say good-bye. Where is Halden?" he demanded.

"He is cruising around the lake with the wife and child. He is a very nice fellow. He had an attack of his neuralgia, and I told him it would do him good to go."

"Local and I saw," she affirmed, "in humility, but in a rigor of pride, that it is true. It would have been a mistake."

"What do you mean?" he asked. "I should be sure to take advantage of it—inhuman."

"No, no, you are inhuman to confuse me with Halden. That is all. What are we dawdling here for? Come!"

"I can't," she gasped, "my trunk is on the boat."

"No more. It is not your trunk," she said. "It is my trunk."